

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

OFFICE NO. 12 PEARL STREET.

Delivered by Carrier in Any Part of the City at Twenty Cents Per Week.

H. W. TILTON, MANAGER.

TELEPHONE: BUSINESS OFFICE, NO. 23. NIGHT EDITOR, NO. 23.

MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. Plumbing Co.

A marriage license has been issued to Y. P. Hansen and Hilda M. Hansen, both of this city.

Samuel H. Driesbach, of this city, and Viola Armstrong, of Walnut, were married, Friday evening, by Squire Higgs.

A number of business men of the city are living at Hotel Manawa. They leave the city on the 10 o'clock motor train and return at 6:30 the next morning.

Little Jimmie Heiser, who lives at the corner of Myrtle and Seventh streets, drank a bottle of blueing, and for a while his chances of recovery were very blue indeed, but he managed to pull through all right.

It was decided by the commissioners of insane that Mrs. O. Lindeberg should receive treatment at the Mount Pleasant asylum, and she was taken there yesterday afternoon. It is most sincerely hoped that this most worthy lady will fully recover from this terrible malady.

Last evening it was learned that Mrs. T. J. Clark is so ill of inflammation of the bowels that her condition excites the greatest alarm. In fact her death is not by any means unexpected. She was taken ill one week ago and has grown steadily worse notwithstanding the treatment which has been made to check the progress of the disease.

A quintette of expert fishermen will leave this city next Friday night for Spirit Lake. A few weeks' recreation, the skilled anglers are Dr. Lacey, Dr. Brown, Henry Atkins, William Hanthorn and Jerome McClinck. They have engaged the services of twenty cleaners and seven salters, and fifteen barrels are now being made and will be sent as occasion requires. The party is composed of sportsmen, and the medicine chest will be filled with only such tonics as are necessary to stave off malaria.

Yesterday's session of police court was very tame. Barney Thompson deposited \$10 with the court in payment for keeping his dog.

Isaiah Russell was placed in front of the municipal capitol, and fired far and near over the city. The bullets were two footbills from Omaha who came over to this side and took a brother's share of the city from him. The court ordered them to skip home immediately, and to steer clear of this city when they were in a borrowing mood hereafter.

Union Abstract company, 236 Main street.

400 Feet.

Four hundred feet frontage on Lake Manawa will be struck off to highest bidder Thursday July 12, at 5 p. m.

Money loaned at L. B. Crafts & Co.'s loan office, on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, personal property of all kinds, and all other articles of value without removal. All business strictly confidential.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr. Champ has returned from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Glover are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Field.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Connel and daughter Laura, have gone to Chicago.

Hon. George F. Wright left for New York Friday evening on a week's business trip.

John Churchill leaves to-day to join the crowd of pleasure seekers who are already at Spirit Lake.

M. E. Myers leaves to-morrow morning for interior towns in Iowa in the interest of the knitting works.

Dr. Cleaver and wife are expected home on the 10th inst. from Pennsylvania where they have been visiting for the past three weeks.

W. L. Thielstein has returned home, having graduated from Denison's university. He will remain at home until he outlines some plan for future action.

Mr. M. Rice, brother of Peter Rice, who died Friday morning from sunstroke, arrived here yesterday morning. He will leave for St. Louis over the Rock Island with the body for Amboy, Ill., at which place the interment will be made.

A Well Deserved Compliment.

The Daily Huff and Horn, of South Omaha, has this to say of a piece of artistic sign work recently turned out by Peter C. Miller, of this city. "The sign of Chris Durr, at the Depot exchange, opposite the United Pacific depot, and very neatly and artistically painted, and 'Chris' is very proud of the same. It was done by Peter Miller & Co., of Council Bluffs, painters. It shows well from the depot." The sign referred to was come three weeks ago. It is a combination gold letter with color relief on a black enamel ground. It surely reflects credit upon the hand of the artist who executed it. By the way, Miller is making for himself a reputation second to none in the country.

Masonic.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 259, A. F. & A. M., will hold its regular communication Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Business of importance. Show your interest by being present. Visiting brethren cordially invited. By order W. M.

Base Ball.

Two games of base ball will be played to-day. At the Athletic park the game will be between the South Omaha and Council Bluffs teams. Upon the grounds near the old fair grounds the game will be between the "Lightweights" and a Union Pacific picked nine.

E. H. Sheafe loans money on chattel security of every description. Private consulting rooms. All business strictly confidential. Office 500 Broadway, corner Main street, upstairs.

Buy mantels, grates and hearth furnishings of the New York plumbing Co.

Artists prefer the Hallett & Davis piano, at C. B. Music Co., 224 Broadway.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Are We to Have the New Hotel?

The fact is a mass meeting of the citizens of Council Bluffs at the Masonic Temple on Monday evening, July 9, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the board of trade, to determine whether the hotel which the Chicago syndicate shall be closed. All subscribers to the hotel fund are urgently requested to be present, and the citizens generally are also urged to come promptly at the hour named.

Grand Concert.

Music by Dally's band at Rock's garden this afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Also the surplus fireworks left over from the Fourth of July on account of the storm will be used this evening. The fireworks will be a grand display, as a large quantity is on hand.

It Pays for Everybody.

I have an unusually large stock of pant goods on hand which I want to run off. I will make up pants from this date for \$5.00; usual price \$10.00. This reduction applies to all summer goods.

A. REITER, 310 Broadway.

Full line of sheet music at Council Bluffs Music Co., 224 Broadway.

For sale cheap. Lots near the bridge to parties who will build at once. Address or call on J. R. Rice, No. 109 Main street, Council Bluffs.

J. G. Tipton has bargains in real estate.

Largest stock of bathing suits at John Bono & Co.'s.

WHERE YOU WILL WORSHIP.

A Regular Scorching With the Temperatures at 103 Degrees.

A NEW FACTORY IN THE BLUFFS.

A Small Blaze But a Big Run—A Lively Runaway—Are the Sa- lions Closed?—Small Items—Personals.

Sunday Services.

The following announcements are made for services at the various churches to-day. Surely every one will find something suited to his own ideas to worship.

Baptist—Preaching by the pastor of the First Baptist church at 10:30 a. m. Subject: "The Rain upon the Mown Grass." Sunday school at 12 m. Young people's meeting in chapel at 7 p. m. in Presbyterian church.

Presbyterian—A short sermon in the morning by the pastor, followed by a second service, in which "The Lord's Supper" will be administered. To this all will be welcome, but none required to remain. The Sabbath school will follow this second service. In the evening the union meeting will be held in this church and the sermon will be by Rev. Mr. Reese. All are cordially invited.

Congregational—Services in the Congregational church this morning. Preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Good Man's Shadow." Special notice by the minister. A cordial invitation is extended to evening service.

St. Paul's Church—Morning prayer, ante-communion and sermon at 10 o'clock a. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Rev. M. F. Sorenson will officiate.

All Saints Mission—Corner Third avenue and Eighth street—Sunday school at 4 p. m. Divine service and sermon at 4 p. m. Rev. M. F. Sorenson will preach.

Harvey Mission—Mr. Henry Colver of the M. E. church will conduct the service at 3 o'clock. Sabbath school at 4 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Lessons: Luke, 11:1-13; Fifth Chap., 7th, 8th and 9th verses.

German Baptist Church—Meets this afternoon at 3 o'clock at Overton mission. Preaching by Rev. T. F. Thielstein.

New Methodist Mission—There will be services at the New Mission at the corner of Graham avenue and Tenth street at 4 p. m. Rev. M. F. Sorenson will preach.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by the pastor. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. The congregation will join with the other churches in the union meeting at the Presbyterian church at 8 p. m.

Regatta Place.

The balance of those beautiful lots in Regatta Place will be struck off to the best bidder Thursday, July 12, at 5 p. m., on the grounds.

The Hottest Yet.

Yesterday was the hottest day by five degrees that we have experienced thus far this season. At 12:30 the standard thermometer registered 103° in the shade. The thermometer in the street did not fall below 98°. Business men almost suspended, and nearly everyone sought some place which would give him relief from the terrible heat. Bays and parks were thronged with the grateful people who sought relief from the heat. Several partial prostrations from heat reported, but none which are not expected to recover. In the classic language of everyone "it was a scorcher."

Everything from a Jewsharp to a piano at C. B. Music Co., 224 Broadway.

Another Factory Located Here.

The articles of incorporation of the Council Bluffs and Omaha Basket, Woodenware and Box Manufacturing company were filed yesterday at the office of the county recorder. The capital stock is \$20,000. Business was to begin July 7, 1888, and continue twenty years. The general office and factories are to be located in Council Bluffs and a branch office in Omaha. The incorporators are Donald Macrae, A. T. Elwell, John Clausen, J. C. Regan, A. B. Howe and W. R. Vaughn.

Lake Manawa.

Attend Regatta Place land sale Thursday next at 5 p. m., on the grounds.

More Alarm Than Fire.

A telephone alarm called out the fire department about 9 o'clock yesterday morning to the southeast corner of the city, where one of the tenant houses of the Dr. Gordon estate, near the lake, was on fire. The fire was abated. The prompt action of the neighbors averted any serious consequences, and the flames were extinguished before the department arrived. The fire originated in a defective flue and spread to a partition, where it was difficult to reach. The loss is but a few dollars and is covered by insurance. The run was a long one, and owing to the extreme heat the horses were nearly used up by the time they reached there. It was fortunate that the flames were under control, as the fire would have been a serious one. The second fire within twenty-four hours, after a rest of nearly a month, and the boys are holding themselves in readiness for the next one, as they always come three in a bunch.

Travelers' Stop at the Bechtels.

Attogether too Mulish.

A lively runaway took place on Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon. A pair of mules attached to a dirt wagon became frightened at the dirt banks and ran away down the hill despite the exertions of the driver. A line became loosened and it was impossible to guide the animals. They collided with a street car and the driver was thrown to the ground and the wagon passed over him, but luckily he was unharmed.

The runaways collided with a telephone pole, smashing the wagon and breaking up the harness badly. The driver was thrown into the air and was caught at the corner of the street. The team belonged to a man named Smith. The driver was a "stayer," and worked bravely to stop the team, until he was thrown to the ground. There were but few carriages on the street at the time, and they gave the flyers a wide berth.

Closed and Unclosed.

"St. An's Rest," an Upper Broadway saloon, has faced the inevitable and closed its doors. Whether it will appear under another name in some "hole in the wall" or back alley remains to be seen. That is the history of those that have heretofore closed up. One genius has put up a horse stable in the rear of Wheeler & Herald's new stable and in one compartment he is reported to be selling his wet goods and is said to be doing a thriving business. Several places on Lower Broadway that were supposed to be closed are now running as usual. Still the mayor's order is not enforced. The fines are not paid and they are not closed up. Some people wonder why this is so.

Westward Bound.

Last evening three special cars were attached to the incoming 6:40 passenger train over the Northwestern and were taken to the transfer where they remained until 6:35, when they left for the Pacific coast over the Union Pacific No. 1, which was run in two sections on that account. Two of the cars were filled with "school ma'ams" bound for the teachers' convention at St. Francisco, and the other contained a number of business men from Washington, D. C., who were also out on a pleasure trip. The party remained at the transfer nearly two hours, and was one of the jolliest crowds that has been there for many a day. They were taken in

charge by Mr. M. J. Greely, the affable and popular passenger agent of the Union Pacific, who accompanied them across the river, and did all in his power to add to their comfort and enjoyment. Among the number were some of the best educators of the country. It is impossible to give a full list of the tourists, but among those who were the following who came under the notice of The Bee representative: Messrs. T. S. Holmes, George W. Moore, Watson Connell, S. F. Simpson, N. S. Jacobs, J. M. Stockett, C. J. Treseck, Frank McCullough, W. A. Moore, J. W. Stone, J. I. White, U. McMillan, H. L. Russell, H. J. Russell, S. G. Hickox, E. H. Wapner, A. B. Scott, L. P. Wyler, W. Harris, E. J. Slosson, S. L. Wyler, E. Reddett, L. S. McCoy, J. M. Graft, John W. Carr, E. L. Cummings, M. V. Donnell, A. T. Young, Elias F. Carr, R. O. Waldron, Silas Thompson, W. H. Morris, A. J. Morris, W. E. M. Leon, L. S. Nicholas, F. W. Tucker, H. E. Strickland, Charles L. Lingler, D. P. Wolhaupter, Charles E. Hill, John E. McCham, Thomas J. Ward, J. A. Hoff, Johnson, A. R. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Zeigler, Masters Phil Hammett and Fred J. Carr.

Buy bathing suits at Beno's.

Desertion, Destitution and Death.

Yesterday morning a young child died on Pierce street. The mother is a woman of the town, and the father is said to be a member of the gambling fraternity of the city. The little one was ill for several days and the mother was left alone to care for her child. After the death some of the charitable neighbors came to her assistance. It was a time when the appeals of humanity caused the forgetting of the sin which made such a scene possible. The mother said her baby had been ill for several days and she had left it without anything save the barest necessities. The man who should have been her protector had left her in the hour of her direst need. The mother had forfeited all claim to recognition at the hands of respectable people and she was now alone. What a moral lesson and tale of horror for the little one who died, but what can be said of the man who was so far fallen as to forget his own child and his mother in the hour of their direst need.

THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

Allan Forman in Pittsburgh Bulletin: Travelers over the line of the Union Pacific railroad are no doubt familiar with the weird, rocky, and precipitous Echo and Weber canyons, just after the road enters the territory of Utah. It would seem that here nature had made her play ground, and out of pure sport had fashioned the rocks into all sorts of fantastic and grotesque shapes. But few, if any are familiar with the legend which throws the glimmers of the supernatural over the quaintly shaped crags and gives them their superlatively suggestive names.

I left the train at the little Mormon village of Peterson, just beyond the canon, and securing horses and a guide, I prepared to spend a few days trying the trout fishing for which the Weber river enjoys a local reputation. Pedro, my guide, was a half breed Mexican, of the Sancho Panza type, full of Indian laziness, Mexican superstition and a true Spanish love for the marvelous. He had been brought up in an old monastery, not far from the City of Mexico, and was full of tales of the hardships which he had endured in the wilderness, in order to convert the Indians, and who, if the stories be true, used to lasso them when their persuasion failed.

We jogged along pleasantly enough until we were well within the canon, and I selected a grassy spot on the river bank to pitch our camp for the night. The Pedro began to show signs of uneasiness.

"Senor, I like not this place," he said finally, as he fumbled at the cords which bound the luggage on the pack mule. "What is the matter with this place?" I queried, as I took note of the pools and eddies in the river, and made a mental calculation as to the best place to commence my fishing the next day.

"It is strange, senor, the rocks are works of witchery, and the story is not pleasant to think of."

"Well," I answered carelessly, as I saw a big trout, which looked to be over a foot long as it flashed in the sunlight, jump from a pool directly in front of me. "I guess nobody will hurt you; we will build a big fire and it will keep the animals away, and the Indians are all peaceable."

"It is not the Indians nor the bears I fear, senor; it is the devil."

"Pshaw, he does not want you yet a while," I answered, laughingly, and Pedro submissively began to arrange the camp and prepare supper. I unpacked my trout rods, selected flies and rigged my tackle for the sport I anticipated on the morrow. I even went so far as to whip the pool out of which I had seen the trout jump, but it was too late in the day, and his work was sullen, and I had my labor for my pains.

After we had eaten our supper we lay on opposite sides of the camp fire, I smoking my pipe and Pedro consuming villainous cigarettes made of black pig tobacco wrapped in the coarsest straw paper, and thinking—at least I was—of how well the natural appearance of the canon gave color to Pedro's superstitions. The moon was struggling through heavy clouds of heavy smoke which did not hide it entirely, but which made the light tremble as it shot out bright and clear through the open spaces, then was obscured through a cloud bank. The Weber river, our food, looked in one moment as bright as quicksilver, in the next it was inky black. The tremendous moonlight gave fantastic outlines to the strangely shaped crags and they seemed to move with a sort of rhythmic swaying, to advance in the moonlight and bow, then recede into the shadow. The night winds rustled through the stunted pines and sage brush and moaned most unaccountably among the mysterious fissures and crevices of the rocks. The river rippled along peacefully enough past our camp, but the dull roar of the cataract, where, a half mile below, it dashed through the rock-ripened Devil's Gate, made a dull monotone broken by the sharp yelp of the coyote or the cry of a small bird frightened by the prairie owl.

Pedro drew closer to me, and pointing to two small mounds of rock about twenty feet apart, rising to a height of about thirty feet and extending from the top to the bottom of the mountain, he whispered in awe-struck voice: "The Devil's Slide, senor."

Pedro pointed to a huge monolith, shaped like an Indian club, on the opposite hill, he added:

"That is the Devil's War Club," and he crossed himself so vigorously and muttered so many strange words and signs of fear, Spanish and worse Latin, that I am certain that any reasonable fiend would have fled in terror at his incomprehensible patois.

His evident terror was beginning to make me nervous from sympathy, and I knew that the best way to restore his mental equilibrium was to interest him in some subject not connected with our uneasy surroundings. I tried in vain to turn the conversation upon hunting and fishing. At last in desperation, thinking that the sound of his own voice might reassure him and that in the interest of his story he would forget his position, I allowed him to tell me the legend which, short of some of Pedro's inaccuracies of speech ran as follows:

In the year 1777, when the people of the eastern part of America were fight-

ing for independence, the Spaniards had already settled on the Pacific Coast and founded several missions. The fathers, with that devotion and fearlessness which has characterized the priesthood in all ages, had persecuted the Indians and made many converts among the savages in the interior as early as 1725.

Among the most zealous and successful was Father Pietro del Torra, a man of great piety, and also as social and genial a companion as one could wish for. In the fall of 1777 Father Pietro had crossed the Sierras and was preaching and baptizing among the Indians of Nevada and Utah. He had passed the alkali plains of the Humboldt region and the great Salt Lake, and late one evening was walking in Weber Canon, when he came to a wall of rock which barred his passage. He determined, however, not to turn back, and after laboriously climbing the hill he pursued his way along the top. Soon he observed a gentleman dressed as a Spanish cavalier of the day coming toward him. Father Pietro was not a little surprised to see a white man so far from civilization, and in truth, he was not sorry, for being, as we have said, of a social disposition, he felt the lack of company sorely.

Therefore, when they met Father Pietro greeted him with a cordial "Buenas noches," and after a few moments he said: "A lonely walk you are having, my son."

"It is, reverend father, but is it not likewise lonely for you, who travel day after day unattended?"

"Of lonely," answered Father Pietro, with a sigh. Then brightening up he added:

"Let us stop together; a crust with a pleasant companion is better than a feast in solitude."

"You are right," responded the stranger. "I myself can speak knowingly of the misery of solitude. I am the proprietor of large furnaces, and I came here in search of fuel. I became separated from my party, and for the last two days I have been wandering around in this vicinity; luckily, I am indifferently well provided with food."

As he concluded he sat down beside a large stone and made a fire, and after a moment he said:

"I have a flask of water, a crust of black bread and an onion he prepared to make his meal. His companion laughed, and telling him to put away his food, he produced from under his cloak a loaf of fresh bread, a flask of brandy and some lumps of sugar and proposed to commence the supper with a health to the priest. Nothing loth, Father Pietro belatedly ate the fresh bread and spirits for his own hard crust and water. As he did so the stranger remarked in a pitying tone:

"Poor food for a traveler, holy father; I marvel that your brethren do not furnish you with better."

Father Pietro sighed. It was poor food, the onion and black bread. And what though the brotherhood of the Mission Dolores were poor, still they were rich in the meek country, and men who worked as he did could not better fare. As the brandy rose to his brain the demon of discontent rose in his heart.

"Bread without meat is but dry eating," said the stranger, and, holding his hand beneath the stone, he drew up a pair of plump partridges, smoking hot, as from a gridiron. Father Pietro was surprised at first, but the brandy had given him a feeling of recklessness entirely unknown to him in sober hours. So he ate and joked with his strange entertainer, and was in no way surprised when he drew a couple of bottles of wine and some delicious fruit from the same strange locker. After much general conversation, in the course of which the stranger had expressed a high admiration for Father Pietro's zeal and learning, he said carelessly:

"You are well acquainted with this part of the country, I presume, reverend father?"

"I have traveled through it several years," was the prompt answer.

"How would you like to leave the priesthood and become my agent? The work is easy, the pay is liberal, and you will be provided with a warm home after you have done. For, by my faith, it pains me to my heart to see a man of your talents and learning working for a beggarly maintenance, half clothed and worse fed. Come with me and this will be changed."

"I could not leave the brotherhood," answered Father Pietro.

Then followed a long argument between them, the stranger using every argument in his power, promising untold wealth, a life of ease and the gratification of every passion. The good father persistently refused. At last the stranger, seeing that he could not win, showed Father Pietro an immense mass of gold and silver underneath, saying: "This shall be yours if you will give up your work and assist me. Do you still refuse?"

"I do," answered Father Pietro, sturdily.

"Then die," cried the stranger, in a rage, and grasping his staff as if for a blow. He suddenly grew in size until he was as big as a giant, and with the terrible club over the priest's head and roared:

"Will you work for me?"

"Never!"

The club was poised for a blow. As it came down Father Pietro grasped his crucifix and prayed. The club fell powerless, and the devil losing all power to harm one holding the crucifix, slid down the side of the mountain, the two walls of rock rising on each side as he went. As he reached the bottom he thrust his club into the hill opposite rushed down the canon and there open that pass in the rocks which is known as "The Devil's Gate."

Pedro paused.

"What became of Father Pietro?" I inquired.

"He at last found his way back to the Mission Dolores, where he spent the remainder of his life in fasting and praying as a penance for having held communication with the devil!"

"Well, Pedro, do you believe that yarn?" was my next question.

"Si, senor; it was told me by a holy priest who said in the same manner was the devil accustomed to tempt us to this day—first by flattery, then by making us discontented, then by bribes and finally by threats. And senor, I know that to be true. Moreover, does not the slide, the club and the gate attest to its truth?"

It was useless to argue with such a simple faith, so I crawled into my blanket and went to sleep.

The next morning his Satanical majesty seemed to have got into the fish, for no art on my part could make the robe to the fly. So to the intense delight of Pedro, who packed up his traps and left the place of which he had such a horror, which even in the bright sunlight, seemed a most appropriate spot for the devil to choose for an interview.

Electric Light as a Fertilizer.

It is said that trees planted under the electric light have increased in size much more rapidly than those set out under ordinary circumstances. It is finely illustrated in Fairfield, just at present, according to the Journal, where at a street corner stands a tree that was set out there last spring. It grew fairly well last season without the electric light, but this season, under its effulgent rays, it has stretched out all its fellows set out at the same time. The

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